



G U I D E - B O O K
TO
MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S
GRAND TOUR
OF
FIVE THOUSAND MILES
IN
CANADA
AND THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA,
INCLUDING THE
FALLS OF NIAGARA
AND THE
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND THE WORDS
OF THE
SONGS AND MELODIES.

NOTTINGHAM:
STAFFORD & CO., PRINTERS TO THE ESTABLISHMENT,
CHURCH GATE (NEAR THE POST OFFICE).

"After a somewhat lengthened absence Mr. Friend has again visited Birmingham, to give, for a short time, a succession of those entertainments which were not only deservedly popular here, but have been so everywhere else. He made his first appearance in the Town Hall last evening, and was heartily welcomed by a large audience. The entertainment is a charming one; for as Mr. Friend's genius is exceedingly versatile, it consists not only of his magnificent and truthful delineations of some five thousand miles of the most attractive scenery in Canada and the United States, but also of a sufficient quantity of vocal and instrumental music to form an excellent entertainment in itself, to say nothing of his admirable explanatory lecture. The panorama is of no common order; the scenes are carefully and beautifully painted, the artificial sun and moonlight are judiciously introduced, and well managed; and the grouping in some of the pictures, especially in that of the "Camp Meeting," is something extraordinary in its way. As to the musical part of the entertainment Mr. Friend plays on no less than seven instruments, and, possessing a fine voice, sings some original songs and melodies of the country in a very pleasing manner. His lecture is clear and lively in its style, and proves its author to be a man of cute observation."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"The panorama now on exhibition at the Town Hall, is unquestionably one of the most attractive ever brought into the provinces, and it deserves the high degree of patronage bestowed upon it. Mr. Friend, the proprietor, is himself the artist who sketched the scenery, and he acts as his own exhibitor, describing the pictures with all the familiarity and minutiae of an old acquaintance. To enliven the entertainment still further, he introduces many anecdotes illustrative of American manners, and sings several songs peculiar to the country, accompanying himself on the piano-forte. With such a chapter of attractions, the panorama cannot fail to be popular."—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

"Last night Mr. Washington Friend's panorama of Canada and the United States was exhibited in the Music Hall, for the first time in this city; and so favorably were we impressed with the character of the painting, and varied talents of its painter and exhibitor, that we trust the period to which it is stated the exhibition is limited, will be considerably prolonged. The views embraced in the panorama comprehend the city and harbour of New York, the Catskill Mountains, Valley of the Mohawk, the Falls of Niagara and the surrounding scenery, Kingston and its harbour, the St. Lawrence, the cities of Montreal and Quebec, &c., &c. As a work of art, the panorama is very effective, some of the views being remarkably beautiful, and treated with no little artistic skill and taste. Mr. Friend's accompanying descriptions are, besides, a treat in themselves. He is a prince of exhibitors, enlivening his lecture by vocal and instrumental performances. Nothing, in fact, seems to come wrong to him; painter, vocalist, musician, and lecturer, he is equally pleasing in all; while a rich vein of humour adds zest and point to his remarks, and joined to other pleasant qualities, renders this part of the entertainment at once amusing and instructive. Altogether the exhibition is well worthy of a visit."—*Edinburgh Daily Express*.

"An extensive panorama of some of the most celebrated objects in American and Canadian scenery, which is now on exhibition at the Assembly Room, Stamford, affords a most pleasing and instructive entertainment. The views commence with the picturesque harbour of New York, the city and suburbs in the distance, and the visitor is supposed to be conveyed thence up the Hudson River, passing many lovely spots on the route, and then taken across the country by rail to Niagara, and forward to Canada, the journey yielding insights of native sports, habits, travelling, and domestic life. The artist and lecturer, Mr. Washington Friend, is also a creditable musician, who handles various instruments with facility, and possesses a rich tenor voice to illustrate the melodies of the country. These accomplishments are occasionally called in requisition, and they give an agreeable variation to the lecture, which is imparted in an intelligible conversational tone that fully impresses the mind with the subject in hand. Some of the views are painted with artistic skill, and produce a surprising effect. The representations of the Cataracts of Niagara, for instance, sketched from different positions, both above and below the falls, convey a grander and truer idea of that stupendous work of Nature than can be derived from reading and engravings; and in the delineation of a Camp Meeting, some of the figures seem almost imbued with life. It is a superior panorama, and well repays a visit."—*Stamford Mercury*.

"The painting is beautiful and artistic, and highly deserves the praises bestowed upon it by those who have seen it. It illustrates the travels of Mr. Friend in Canada and the United States of America, and gives a faithful delineation of five thousand miles of American scenery."—*Dundee Courier*.

GUIDE-BOOK

TO

MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S

GREAT AMERICAN TOUR

OF



FIVE THOUSAND MILES



IN

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES,

INCLUDING

NIAGARA,

AND

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,

WITH

The Words of the Songs and Melodies

SUNG BY HIM IN HIS UNRIVALLED ENTERTAINMENT.

With Engravings, &c.



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TESTIMONIALS.

Her Most Gracious Majesty's Testimonial to Mr. W. Friend.

Major-General Grey presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and is commanded by Her Majesty to express her great pleasure and interest at having witnessed his splendid Views of Canada and the United States, and has been further pleased to make selections from his original sketches.

Buckingham Palace, August 20th, 1854.

The Governor-General of Canada's Testimonial.

Government House, Quebec.

SIR,—When I was in London last Spring, I visited your beautiful Panorama of Canada and the United States, and take great pleasure in bearing testimony as to the great fidelity of the Views therein depicted, and especially so as regards those of Niagara. If it be of any service for you to say that your Panorama is under the Patronage of the Governor-General, you are perfectly at liberty to make use of my name for that purpose.

ELGIN & KINCARDINE.

Lord and Lady Palmerston's Testimonial.

Lord and Lady Palmerston were much interested by Mr. Friend's Panorama; the spirit and talent with which the Views were taken, and their evident truthfulness.

Piccadilly, November 3rd, 1855.

Testimonial of The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl of Carlisle.)

Major Ponsonby presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and is desired by His Excellency the Lord Leintenant, to express his great pleasure in having witnessed so artistic and accurate a delineation of Canada and the United States, most of which scenes he has visited personally, and can therefore appreciate their merits.

Vice-Regal Lodge, March, 1854.

Governor-General of Jersey's Testimonial.

Major-General Love presents his compliments to Mr. Friend, and begs to express the great pleasure and interest he felt on his visit to his beautiful Panorama, which he has painted with so much skill; and begs further to add, that the description, and the vocal illustrations far exceed his expectations.

Channel Islands, September, 1855.

Newry, Abbey-yard, 18th June, 1857.

SIR,—I visited your Exhibition of Views in Canada, &c., yesterday, and was much pleased and gratified, more especially when you shewed the View of Queenstown and General Brock's Monument, as my uncle Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Bart., was in that battle, which took place in, I think, 1813. General Brock was killed on the field, and my uncle, who was second in command, took his place. The victory was gained, and my uncle sent over the American General's sword to the Prince Regent, and he was immediately made a Baronet, and afterwards appointed Colonel of the 36th Regiment, and he died in 1852.

Your obedient Servant,

DANIEL BAGOT,

Dean of Dromore,

Vicar-General of Neuz and Morne, &c.

PREFACE.

In introducing the reader to the present narrative, it is unnecessary to use words of little sense or meaning, tending to puzzle rather than instruct or amuse. My object is more to give the reader a plain, interesting, and faithful description of the present state and future prospects of these great colonies, than to aim at any literary merit. Suffice it to say, that the observations here made refer to *facts* which have fallen under my own observation, combined with information derived from personal friends who have resided longer than myself at some of the places represented in the Panorama. The whole of the picture is painted by myself, from my own original sketches taken on the spot; the accuracy of the Panorama, therefore, may be relied upon. The many testimonials received by me from distinguished personages in the various cities and towns I have visited with it, at once stamp its truthfulness and originality. The primary object is to give the reader and intending emigrant a complete account of the principal cities, rivers, and lakes of this wonderful continent; as also the persons who should emigrate, and the cheapest and best mode of getting there. There is no question as regards Canada being a field for the persevering; there is no instance in either ancient or modern history of a progress so rapid and yet so satisfactory as that which Canada has made during the last few years. Canada has advanced with a noiseless step towards the goal of wealth and prosperity, leaving behind on her way other nations or communities which have at one time or another occupied a much larger share of public attention. The emigrant who may select this great and rising continent as his future home, will not choose a country whose capabilities are untried, the character of whose soil is unknown, whose climate is uncertain, or where the chance of obtaining a livelihood is a mere lottery, as is the case in going to *Australia* or *California*. Double the advantage is offered to the emigrant for Canada, the distance and expence in getting out there not being one-fifth of that to either of the above-mentioned places, there being nothing in its climate which will not brace the nerves and preserve the vigour of the constitution; its soil is fertile beyond comparison with this country; the regulations respecting the sale and purchase of land, unlike those which are in force in some of the colonies, afford every facility for its acquisition to all classes. Canada may very justly be described as the land of hope and plenty; it is a country where the industrious labourer, mechanic, struggling shop-keeper, or small farmer may easily rise, and with a young and growing family around him, speedily become a man of property. As for taxation, it is a mere farce to call it such, so trifling is the amount levied in this country. Education is placed within the reach of all; religious instruction abounds; and there exists absolute freedom in all matters relating to religious opinions. For labourers and artizans and female servants, the rate of wages is high, provisions are low in price, and there is a large demand for labour of all kinds; the average rate of wages vary, according to the seasons, at particular times.—

PER DAY.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bricklayers	7	0	to	9 0
Carpenters	7	0	„	8 0
Coopers	3	0	„	4 0
Dressmakers (with board)	1	3	„	2 0
Hatters	5	0	„	7 0
Joiners	5	0	„	7 0

PER DAY.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Needlewomen (with board)	0	10	to	2 0
Labourers, farm (with board)	2	0	„	3 0
„ day	3	0	„	4 0
„ boys and girls	1	0	„	1 3
„ railway	4	0	„	5 0
Masons	7	0	„	8 0

PER DAY.				PER DAY.			
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.
Painters	5	0	to 6	0			5
Printers (compositors)	6	0	„	7	0		4
„ (power pressmen)	6	0	„	6	6		5
Servant maids (per month)	20	0	„	28	0		5
„ boys (per month)	16	0	„	28	0		0
„ men (per month)	40	0	„	55	0		5
Stonecutters	5	0	„	6	6		1
							0

[These figures are in sterling; an addition of one-fifth gives the value in currency.]

There is no fear of Canada being over-populated : far from it ; there is sufficient space in Canada to absorb all the labour that is there, and fifty times its amount. Canada is nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland ; it contains an area of about three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, or two hundred and forty millions of English acres. It extends in length from the Coast of Labrador to the River Riministiguia, at the western extremity of Lake Superior, about sixteen hundred miles, with an average breadth of about two hundred miles, and contains the most magnificent rivers and inland seas of any country in the world. The waters of all the rivers and lakes of Canada empty themselves into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Although great has been the prosperity of America, and of the new settlements which mark the magnificent country just described, yet Nature has not been wooed in them without trials, nor have her treasures been won without a struggle worthy of their value. Those who have been in the habit of passing early clearings in Upper Canada must have been struck with the cheerless and lonely, even desolate, appearance of the first settlers. A little log hut in the midst of a dense forest, and with a "patch of clearing" scarcely large enough to let the sun shine upon it, looks not unlike a person struggling for existence upon a single plank in the ocean. For weeks, often for months, the settler sees not the face of a stranger ; the same wild and boundless forest every morning rises up to his view, and his only hope against its shutting him in for life rests in the axe upon his shoulder. A few blades of corn peeping up between stumps whose very roots interlace, they are so close together, are his safeguards against want ; whilst the few potato plants in his little far-between "hills," and which struggle for existence against the briar bush and luxuriant underwood, are to form the seeds of his future plenty. Tall pine-trees, girdled and blackened by the fires, stand out as grim monuments of the prevailing loneliness ; whilst the forest itself, like an immense wall round a fortress, seems to say to the settler, How can poverty ever expect to escape from such a prison-house ? Yet there is happily a poetry in every man's nature ; and there is no scene in life, how cheerless soever it may seem, where that poetry may not spring up—where it may not gild desolation itself—and cause a few to hope where all the world beside might despair. That little clearing—for I describe a reality—which to others might afford such slender guarantee for bare subsistence, was nevertheless a source of bright and cheering dreams to that lonely settler. He looked at it, and instead of thinking of its littleness, it was the foundation of great hopes—of a large farm and rich corn fields—to him. And this day-dream, or poetry, or what you will, cheered him at his lonely toil, and made him contented with his rude fireside. The blades of corn, which you might regard as conveying but a tantalizing idea of human comforts, were associated in his mind with large stacks and full granaries ; and the very thought nerved his arm and made him happy. His little lonely hut, into which I saw his timid children shrinking out of my sight, was coupled by him not with the notion of privations and hardships you might naturally attach to it, but with the proud and manly idea that it should be the place where he should achieve the respectability and independence of those chil-

dren. But besides this, he knew the history of hundreds, nay thousands, of others in Canada who had gained prosperity against similar odds; and he said, in his manliness, that he should go and do likewise. Seven years afterwards, I passed that same settler's cottage: it was in the valley of the Ottawa, or grand river in Upper Canada, not far from the present village of Caledonia. The little log hut was used as a back-kitchen to a neat two-story frame house painted white. A large barn stood near it, with stock of every description in its yard; the stumps, round which the blades of corn, when I last saw the place, had so much difficulty in springing up, had nearly all disappeared; luxuriant Indian corn had sole possession of the place where the potatoes had so hard a struggle against the briar bushes and the underwood; the forest—dense, impenetrable, though it seemed—had been crushed far back by the energetic hand of man. A garden bright with flowers, and enclosed in a snake fence, fronted the house; a young orchard spread out in the rear. I met a farmer as I was quitting the scene returning from church with his wife and family: it was on a Sunday, and there was nothing in their appearance, save perhaps a healthy brown color in their faces, to distinguish them from persons of wealth in cities. The waggon they were in, their horses, harness, dresses, everything about them in short, indicated comfort and easy circumstances. I enquired of the man who was the owner of the property I have thus been describing? "*It is mine, sir,*" he replied; "I settled on it nine years ago, and have, thank God, had tolerable success." Such was an early settler of Upper Canada; such were his hardships, his fortitude, and his success. His history is but that of thousands in the same province.

It will therefore be seen, that however small a man's means may be, he has every chance of succeeding in so wide a field as Canada. An emigrant of the labouring classes is safe enough, if on landing at Quebec he has sufficient means to carry him to the old settlements of Upper Canada, or the neighbourhood of the railway and other public enterprises everywhere going on; a few dollars will suffice, and every able-bodied man is certain of obtaining immediate employment. As the object of every emigrant accustomed to agricultural labour is to become the farmer of his own land, he cannot begin too early to secure the knowledge essential to his success; there is a wide difference in the mode of farming from that pursued in the old country, and the poorer the settler the greater will he find that difference; it must be the fate of all agricultural emigrants, without other resources than their labour, to clear the land of its forests, and it is better that every emigrant should learn something of this and other new occupations by working for another before he attempts this on his own account. In conclusion I may remark, that there is no fear of success if any one chooses to try. If a man is able and willing to work, Canada is the place for him. A man that will take off his coat and march forward to the *music of his own axe*, may be certain of plenty, and have the consolation as well, through the rise of property, of leaving his children well off; at all events he will leave them where they will have been taught how to succeed and where success is attainable. I have often seen, in different rambles through the Far West, changes take place in rapid succession from the log hut to the farm house; then a village rise up, as it were in a dream, and in a short time become a flourishing little town. Such is the growth of many of the settlements in the Far West. The most striking effect of the rapid increase of the population in America, is the rise and growth of towns and cities. At the head of a lake, or upon the bank of a navigable river which flows through a fertile country, an adventurer or speculator sets himself down, and says "Here shall be a city." If his judgement be good, and the country around his imaginary "Thebes" or "Athens" be inviting, the waves of population, which perpetually flow westward, stop for a time at his

location, and actually verify his dream. This is literally the history of Chicago and Milwaukie in the United States, and of Brantford and London in Upper Canada; and land that has been sold at one pound per acre and less, invariably is now worth twenty-five pounds per foot. Such is the growth in the *Far West*.

SIX REASONS

Why you should go to Canada and the United States immediately, and take your ticket at Mr. FRIEND's abode of genius, whence you start on a journey of 5,000 miles, with a FRIEND for your guide, and Music and Travel-Talk to beguile the way.

1st.—Because Canada and the United States are the most interesting countries next to our own, as illustrative of the progress of civilization among the Anglo-Saxon race, and because our friends dwell there, and we ourselves or our children may one day find in them our dwelling-place and homes.

2nd.—Because it is more interesting and useful to see the places we are desirous to know about, than merely to be told about them: and in Mr. FRIEND's panoramic journey, the cities of the West are vestiged, so far as artistic skill can present in portraiture the counterpart of reality.

3rd.—Because to cross the Atlantic for motives of curiosity only is expensive, requires time, involves the chances of shipwreck, and the inconveniences attendant on travel by sea; whereas, by visiting Mr. FRIEND, you are placed at once on the other side of the Atlantic by payment of One Shilling.


4th.—Because to travel through a new country without a competent guide is liable to lead to perplexities, personal danger, and pecuniary loss: all of which will be obviated by accepting Mr. FRIEND's services, and going to Canada and the United States under his guidance

5th.—Because the toil of travel requires a pleasant companion to render the hours less wearisome, the distance less fatiguing, and the results of travel more beneficial. In Mr. FRIEND you will find a companion who will accompany you through every scene, explain to you every interesting object, tell you a befitting anecdote at a fitting time, and sing you a song, or play you a tune, when you need music to shed its soothing influence on your journey. He, in fact, will obligingly be, to quote the poet's words,—

“Your guide, philosopher, and friend.”

6th.—Because amusement is needed by every one, and instructive amusement is to be preferred. Recreation of that description—recreation that does not exhaust you in the enjoyment—that does not enervate while it excites—that leaves you better informed than you were, and with clearer ideas on certain subjects than you had previously—that renders you at once a travelled man, and meanwhile makes you a merry one, may be found by going to-night to Mr. FRIEND's entertainment, and taking with him a journey in which you will cross the Atlantic in one minute, and see all the Western World within the next two hours.

NOTICE.

 During the Exhibition of the Panorama in Edinburgh, the eminent Publishers Nelson and Co., honoured Mr. W. F. with a visit; and having themselves made the *same tour*, were at once convinced of its truthfulness and originality, and entered into an agreement for the publishing of the sketches, which may be obtained of the principal stationers in every town in the kingdom, and at the Exhibition Rooms, printed in three colors, with interesting description, Price ONE SHILLING.

PANORAMA.

Part I.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

And its Magnificent Harbour. The city is situated upon an island called the Island of Manhattan, and boasts of the finest harbour in the world. The population of the city of New York is about 700,000. On the opposite side of the East River, upon Long Island, is situated the City of Brooklyn, known as the City of Churches, from the circumstance of its containing a larger number of religious edifices than any other city in the United States. Its population is about 200,000. The spectator is supposed to be standing upon Statten Island. We have a view of the Narrows, with the broad Atlantic in the distance. Also Jersey City, Castle Garden, Governor's Island, and numerous other interesting objects. We will now trace the Journey we intend taking upon a huge Map drawn by Mr. Friend for the occasion, but principally shewn for the instruction of the younger branches of the community, that they may better understand the route taken in this extensive tour.

We now sail on the Hudson River, the Rhine of America; the Northern banks of this noble stream are dotted in every direction with beautiful villas; the Catskill Mountains are here seen to great advantage. We pass one of those splendid Steamers, or Floating Palaces, and arrive at

POUGHKEEPSIE BY SUNSET.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

American Melody.

Round the meadows am a ringing
The darkies' mournful song,
While the mocking bird am singing,
Happy as the day am long!
Where the ivy am a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old Massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground!

Down in the cornfield
Hear that mournful sound.
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the Autumn leaves were falling.
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling
Case he was so weak and old!
Now the orange tree am blooming
On the sandy shore,
Now the summer days am coming,
Massa nebbber calls no more.

Down in the cornfield
Hear that mournful sound,
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

West Point. Here is situated in this delightful mountain range the great Military Academy of New York. The government property consists of about three thousand acres. The Academy Professors' houses are built upon a large plateau, commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson River both ways. The scenery around is beyond conception. The situation is well adapted for health, study, pleasure, and exercise. The great day of the year is the annual review of the cadets.

SONG—KEMO KIMO.

Down South Carolina the darkies go,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Dat's whar de white folks plant de toe,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O;
Cover de ground all over wid smoke,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
And up de darkie's head dey poke,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid my hi my ho,
And in comes Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.

Milk in the dairy nine days old,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O;
Frogs and the 'skeeters getting mighty bold,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Dey try for to sleep but it am no use,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,

Dar legs hang out for de chickens to roost,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid my hi my ho,
And in comes Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.

Dar was a frog lived in a pool,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O;
Sure he was de biggest fool,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
For he could dance and he could sing,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
And make all de woods around him ring,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O,
Kemo kimo, dar O whar wid my hi my ho,
And in comes Sally singing sometimes penny-
winkle, lincum nip-cat,
Sing song Kitty can't ye kemi O.

Ascent of the Catskill Mountains—Night Bivouac—Moonlight Scene—The Hunters Shining the Deer. The hunters place a lighted lanthorn on their heads in order to obtain a better aim at their prey. The animal seems to have no idea of distance, and is therefore easily shot down—Mountain Pass, and Primitive Forest. Hunters passing through with their canoes to avoid the Falls. Their curious manner of carrying them—The beautiful valley of the Mohawk, formerly occupied by the war-like tribe of that name—Immense Forests—Travelling on a Plank Road—An American Hotel. We now arrive at the picturesque and beautiful

TRENTON FALLS,

A fashionable resort of the Americans. And here the tourist might wander amid groves of the most fairy-like appearance—forests of the grandest and sublimest description—wild flowers and fruit—and the beautiful mosses, some clinging like feathers to the rocks, and some white as snow, others trailing along the ground yards in length. The magnificent falls (many in number in this ravine) are visited every year by thousands, and will repay the tourist for the trouble and toil of climbing the

magnificent rocks, and trailing through the beautiful forest scenery. There is a capital Hotel close by kept by a Mr. Moore, a very kind and hospitable host. We now travel on a Plank Road, and on our way pass an American vehicle called a Sulky, and next arrive at the

CITY OF ROCHESTER, BY SUNSET.

The progress of Rochester has not been so great as in many other cities in the United States. The population is upwards of seventy thousand. It has a disadvantage in not being built quite on the lake. The Genessee River is three miles distant, where the Rochesterians have built extensive mills, using up annually three million bushels of wheat. Rochester is interesting in another point of view, being the head-quarters of Bloomerism and strong-minded women. These formidable ladies hold large meetings at times, and choose their own presidents, when they discuss the political questions of the day with as much excitement as among the sterner sex, and sometimes a little more so, as may be seen by the sundry locks of hair left behind. The magnificent

GENESSEE FALLS

Now burst upon our view. There are three cascades, the greatest of which is upwards of one hundred feet high. These splendid Falls annually attract hundreds of visitors. It was from this place that Sam Patch took his last leap. This foolish man used to make heavy wagers with different parties for leaping from the Falls shore into the river below. But, alas! like many other absurdities, it was carried too far; he leaped once too often.

THE FOREST BY NIGHT.

Indians with their fires—Their Wigwams, and curious method of preparing their Evening Meals—The Squaws rocking their Babies or Papooses to sleep.

INDIAN MELODY PATOIS.

Deriez chez nous il y a un etang,
Deriez chez nous il y a un etang;
Deux beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Decendes à l'ombre du bois,
Decendes à l'ombre du bois.

Approach to Niagara—The Rapids—Their awful roaring noise—Wild aspect of the Scenery—The grandeur of the Rapids is worthy of the Cataracts in which they terminate. In the greater branch the river comes foaming down with prodigious velocity, and presents a surface of agitated billows dashing wildly through the

rocks and islands. This scene of commotion continues till within about thirty yards of the Falls, then the great body of the stream resumes its tranquility, and in solemn grandeur descends into the cloudy and unfathomable abyss. Never was there a nobler prelude to a sublime catastrophe.

SPLENDID VIEW OF THE RAPIDS BY MOONLIGHT.

(THE HARVEST MOON IN AMERICA.)

Many visitors express themselves as much delighted with the Rapids as the Falls themselves. We pass the wooden bridge one thousand feet long, and now we arrive at Niagara. I must here apprise the reader that it were vain to attempt to describe Niagara, for the Falls and the scenery around, immeasurably exceed everything of the kind elsewhere seen or imagined. Crossing over to Goat Island, we have a much nearer view of the Falls. Thence



to the Canada side; the scene from this point is of surpassing grandeur. Table Rock is a large mass of granite, projecting about forty or fifty feet over the Falls. The deep green river beneath; the awful rocky precipice; the mighty floods, rolling and tumbling

from the heights above, at once stamped Niagara upon my mind for ever. From this point the beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is often seen to great advantage,—“all that expands, yet appalls.”

“And such was that rainbow, that beautiful one
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.”

The rainbow appears and disappears over the Falls; an effect that no artist in the world, except Mr. Friend, has ever been able to accomplish.

SONG—O BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW!

O beautiful rainbow, all woven with light,
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night;
It seems heaven opened when thou did'st appear,
As if a bright vision of angels were near,
And sang of the rainbow, the rainbow, the rainbow,
And sang of the rainbow, the smile of God is here.

I think as I'm gazing thy colors to mark,
How o'er the lone mountain, where rested the ark,
Those saved from the deluge, with wondering eye
Beheld the first rainbow burst over the sky,
And sang of the rainbow, the rainbow, the rainbow,
And sang of the rainbow, Thy promise, O Lord, on high.

Magnificent pass in the forest; awful storm scene—

THE TERRIBLE WHIRLPOOL.

This interesting phenomenon is about three miles below the Falls. The river here rushes headlong at nearly a right angle, which occasions the Whirlpool, and the current rises with such amazing velocity as to rise up in the middle ten feet above the sides: this has been ascertained by actual measurement.

“Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and whirls, and foams, and thunders through.”

Here is a path leading down the bank to the Whirlpool. I have often sat and watched large logs and trees whirled round in its outer circles, while in the centre they are drawn down with great force perpendicularly, and are soon shot again further down the river. We will now retrace our steps, and pay a visit to

THE AMERICAN FALL AND INCLINE PLANE.

This magnificent cataract, seen from below, is very noble; the whole body of the water is at once shattered into foam, and comes down in a thousand feathery and fantastic shapes, which in a bright

sunshine, as I beheld them, were resplendently beautiful. Nothing which ever enters the awful caldron of the Fall is ever seen to emerge from it. Descending the staircase leading down the bank there is a safe ferry to the Canada side. Here we have a view of Goat Island, which separates the Falls. It commences near the head of the Rapids, almost in the middle of the river, and extends to the precipice, dividing the Falls into two sheets; it is half-a-mile in length, and one-fourth of a mile in width, and contains 75 acres of rich and heavy-timbered land; situated in the midst of the Rapids, and surrounded by them on three sides, this island is one of the most beautiful, fascinating, and romantic places in the world: it affords a delightful retreat for the artist, the lover, and the poet, to indulge in their meditations, fanned by gentle breezes.

“ If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.”

Goat Island is so called from the circumstance that, about the year 1770, Mr. Steadman, then resident Schlosser, contrived by some means to put a few goats upon the island; but its more appropriate and adopted name is Iris Island. At the lower end of Goat Island, about one-third across it, a staircase, erected in the year 1829, at the expence of Nicholas Biddle, Esq., of Philadelphia, gives visitors an opportunity of descending below the bank, and passing a considerable distance behind the two main sheets of water; the descent from the top of the island to the margin of the river is 185 feet. A common flight of steps leads down 40 feet to the perpendicular spiral steps, 90 in number, which are enclosed in a building in the shape of a hexagon, resting on a firm foundation at the bottom: this was a favorite jumping place of that silly personage Sam Patch. The path to the left leads to the great Crescent Fall; the path to the right leads to a magnificent Cave. We now visit

THE HORSE-SHOE FALL.

This magnificent fall of water is 158 feet high, and 1900 feet wide, and is the most extensive sheet, and usually attracts more notice than the American Fall. A rock is here seen from which a young lady lost her life while plucking a flower too near the edge of the precipice. Splendid view of the Pass of Lundy's Lane, with Niagara Village in the distance. This place is interesting in an historical point of view; it is where the celebrated battle was fought, called

the Battle of Lundy's Lane. Here are seen the beautiful maple and other trees, and the extraordinary brilliancy of the foliage



during autumn. A party of emigrants is also seen wending their way to their new home in the Far West.

ORIGINAL SONG—LILLIE LEE.

She came in beauty like the spring,
And strewed my path with flowers;
As roses o'er the trellice cling,
She cloth'd life's sunny hours.
Her voice was low, and sweet, and kind,
Her love was life to me;
And oh! my heart will never find
A love like Lillie Lee.

Her love was pure as morning mist,
Her heart was light as dew;
And like a rose by summer kiss'd,
One sunny hour she grew.
Her voice was low, and sweet, and kind,
Her love was life to me;
And oh! my heart will never find
A love like Lillie Lee.—*W. Friend.*

Ascent of this wonderful region—View of Clifton House. Near this point may be seen the Ferry Landing. We also observe, floating on the surface of the water, the little steamer called "The Maid of Mist," a small but neat little craft, built expressly for navigating these wild and agitated waters. Since this steamer was provided, visitors have been furnished with opportunities of inspecting many interesting scenes that otherwise would have escaped their view altogether. From the top of the stairs leading down to the Ferry, a splendid view of both Falls may be obtained. Here one may enjoy a scene of surpassing grandeur. We also observe in the foreground of the picture

A PIC-NIC PARTY.

This is a capital place for rejoicings, merry-makings, and other

agreeable pastimes; in fact, any one who has any taste or regard for the works of Nature, might live in Niagara in winter or summer, night or day; I don't know how any one can get tired of such a lovely spot as Niagara; there is always something fresh and startling to amuse and instruct the visitor: one day it is stormy and tempestuous; then, again, it is fine, the sun shines, and all looks cheerful: and whenever the sun shines at Niagara, the rainbow is sure to appear; it is emphatically the home of the rainbow. Many visitors prefer looking at the Falls in the glow of the brilliant sunshine; but there are many who select the quiet, calm moonlight for this purpose, when the lunar bow appears. Others, again, seek them in storm and tempest, when the awful surges are lashed into foam, and the roar of the cataract overpowers all other sounds.

SONG—BEAUTIFUL WATERS.

Beautiful waters, how sweetly ye glide,
Where tapering pine trees stand up by your side;
Where the floweret peeps and green ivy creeps;
Beautiful waters steal on your way. Away, &c.

Beautiful waters how sweetly ye glide,
With beautiful blossoms and birds by your side;
'Mid scenes so charming, hearts ever warming,
Beautiful waters steal on your way. Away, &c.—*W. Friend.*

Grand final view of the Horse Shoe Fall, the American Falls, and Goat Island, the Upper Rapids and Navy Island, and Chippewa Creek.

During the late war between America and Great Britain, three vessels of war were condemned and sent over the Falls. A reward of ten dollars was afterwards offered for the largest piece of the wreck that should be recovered. Some days afterwards a piece about a foot long was found. The river here becomes compressed, and the immense mass of water which is constantly passing down towards the Falls, causes here what is called the Rapids; these Rapids constitute a very important part of the grand unparalleled curiosities of this river; were they anywhere else, they would of themselves be considered more wonderful than many other objects which the curious travel hundreds of miles to behold. Many visitors express themselves more amazed and delighted with the Rapids than with the Falls themselves. The whole region now concludes with a

MAGNIFICENT SUNSET OVER THE RAPIDS.

The last of the Mohicans gazing on the scene before him, his thoughts bieng doubtless upon days gone by, and upon those departed.

SONG—THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Composed by Washington Friend.

The last of the Mohicans sat on the ground,
 At the close of a bright summer's day,
 The night was fast closing in shadows around,
 And the bluebird had finished its lay.
 The deep roaring rapids dash'd on in their race
 As he sat with his cheek on his hand,
 And he sigh'd while the sunset played over his
 face—
 "They are gone to the silent land."

He sought no companion to tell of his grief;
 The monarch mates not with the slave;
 But three moons had waned since the Mohican
 Chief
 Had borne his last boy to the grave.
 Alone in the forest he wept for his race,
 For he was the last of the band; [face—
 And he sigh'd while the sunset played over his
 "They are gone to the silent land."

Part III.

In which is represented the magnificent RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, with the great and rising cities, towns, and villages, and scenery unsurpassed for grandeur and loveliness; the Great Highway to the FAR WEST.

THE RIVER NIAGARA.

Grand view of the country around. The River Niagara runs in a Northern direction along the western boundary of the State of New York; it is the outlet of a great chain of western lakes or seas, beginning with Lake Superior and its hundred tributary streams, and is the principal inlet of Lake Ontario. This river separates Canada from the United States. We have a view of Lewiston, on the banks of the river. Also the village of Queenstown; it is a very pretty and thriving place, with about 1000 inhabitants.

BROCK'S MONUMENT

Forms a prominent feature in this scene. This structure was built of freestone, and formerly admitted an ascent to its summit by 170 winding steps; these were almost totally demolished, and the Monument had the shattered appearance as here seen in the Panorama.* It was erected to the memory of Major-General Sir James Brock, whose remains were deposited in a vault beneath. (this was erected by his countrymen): it was 200 feet high. At this place was fought the Battle of Queenstown Heights, in which the king's troops far out-numbered the Americans, and in which the former gained a complete and decided victory. It was, however, dearly purchased, when we take into consideration the death of so gallant an officer as

* The Canadians have lately pulled the old one down, and erected a far more beautiful one in its place to indicate the spot where the bones of a hero still repose in their last resting-place.

General Brock. In the month of April, 1840, a quantity of gunpowder was deposited in it, and an attempt made to blow it up. View of Lake Ontario in the distance. Here is the scene of many distressing events in connection with the poor fugitives from slavery, the goal of liberty being on the Canada side; the fugitive frequently dies in his attempt to gain its shore.

SONG—MY DINAH.

My Dinah, dear me! she is beautiful quite,
As a star that shines brightly at close of the
night;
A voice like a syren, a foot like a jay,
She's just such a girl you don't meet ev'ry
day.

Spoken—But she's black!

I know she is, but what of that,
You'd love could you look at her;
I'll have her just the way she is,
She's black,—but that's no matter.

She lives on the banks of a bright flowing
stream,

In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,
Surrounded by roses, and woodbines, and leaves
That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves.
But she's black! &c.

And if I should marry this dark-color'd maid,
You'll believe in the truth of what I have said:
I love her because her complexion will keep,
And they say that all beauty is only skin deep.
But she's black! &c.

Magnificent view of a Primitive Forest, and grand representation of A CAMP-MEETING.

These religious meetings were formerly very common in America, and they had their uses; but now they are seldom heard of, except to keep up the charter of an old custom. Often as many as 700 or 800 persons have attended one of these congregations, some of them coming from a distance of many miles. The splendid grouping of the figures and truthful delineation of character in this scene, almost enchant the spectator with the visionary idea of reality. (Mr. Friend has been offered 100 guineas for this picture alone.)

PRAYER.

To God our anthems raising, inspiring incense bring,
With hearts and voices praising high heaven's eternal King.
Now loud Hosannas shouting,
Now whispering fervent praise, fervent praise.

ARRIVAL AT TORONTO,

The Queen City of the West.—Descent of the Harbour. Toronto is prettily situated, and is a very flourishing and prosperous city. The increase in the value of property is wonderful: its position is admirably adapted for a great commercial city, and it has a population of about 60,000. It is situated upon Lake Ontario; the houses are principally built of brick, there being no quarries in the neighbourhood. There is a capital iron-foundry here, which turns out some splendid engines. There are also some excellent buildings: the Lunatic Asylum is one of the best.

Many of the churches are very fine. I visited the Episcopal Church, which has been burnt down three times. Trinity Episcopal College is one of the finest edifices in the neighbourhood: the University of Cambridge sent them out a magnificent donation of 3000 volumes. The last building I shall mention is the Normal School. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of this building was inaugurated with due solemnity, and under the auspices of the able representative of Queen Victoria, on the 2nd of July, 1851. All the tables and stools are fitted up like those of the United States. The Canadian government deserve every praise for their energy in promoting education. They have also been greatly aided by the administrative powers of the late Governor-General, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. There is a very curious formation of land that forms the harbour of Toronto; it is several miles long, and varies from a few yards to miles in breadth. We now leave this charming city, and sail upon

LAKE ONTARIO.

Night comes on, which gives us an opportunity of witnessing the splendid appearance of the lake steamers. These beautiful steamers have a very striking effect, and form an exciting scene of grandeur by night, in consequence of the fire and sparks issuing from the funnels. This is owing to their consuming wood for fuel instead of coal. Coal is by far too expensive a material. The cabin windows are illuminated. The steamers gliding over this beautiful lake by moonlight has a charming effect, and is everywhere hailed with delight. So truthfully are these scenes depicted, that it is with difficulty the spectators can convince themselves that they are not actually sailing upon these mighty inland seas or lakes.

SONG—HURRAH! FOR THE WEST, AND AWAY.

Composed by Washington Friend.

Hurrah! for the West, Hurrah! for the West,
Where fortune will smile on our labour,
And each willing spirit shall work unoppress'd,
Without running over his neighbour.
The broad lands that wait us with plenty in store,
With light hearts we'll till all the day;
Then shout while the steam-ship speeds out
from the shore,
Hurrah! for the West, and away.

Hurrah! for the West, Hurrah! for the West,
Why linger in towns dull and dreary?
To dream out the life of a pauper at best,
With limbs lying idle and weary.
Oh! no, let us go where the rapid's wild roar
Shall sound like a song all the day;
Then shout while the steam-ship speeds out
from the shore,
Hurrah! for the West, and away.

ARRIVAL AT KINGSTON.

This town has laboured under a great disadvantage, in consequence of the Government being removed. The Government was removed from Toronto to Kingston in 1841. The inhabitants expended large sums of money, in the expectation that it would

so continue; but in 1844 it was removed back again: thus a very heavy loss was sustained by those who had laid out their money. It has a fine cathedral, colleges, and university, and many other fine buildings. It contains a population of about 14,000; and, from its strong fortifications, is, next to Quebec, the strongest fortified place in Canada. The finest view of Kingston is from the citadel. We shall now enter

THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

SONG—JOE IN THE COPPER.

Founded on Fact.

Now I'm going to tell you a story, the truth of which I know,
 ☞ Mary Ann, a servant girl, whose sweetheart's name was Joe,
 Of her mistress and her six-roomed house she was by no means proud,
 For 'twas one of those strict places where no followers are allowed.

I heard her once relate how her mistress she did do
 One evening when her Joseph came, when he was nigh done too:
 One night, said she, my missus went quite early to the play,
 And just as if it was to be, my Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window, I open'd the area gate
 And let him in, and laid the cloth for supper ere 'twas late;
 As nice a ham as ere you clapped your two eyes on we'd there,
 And, as luck would have it, on that day the man had brought the beer.

When all at once comes missus back, whatever should I do?
 She changed her mind about the play, so down the stairs I flew!
 Poor Joseph, creeping like a cat, into the copper slid—
 Ah! lucky thought, but how I felt, as I clapped down the lid!

Then down comes missus, and she said, "We wash to-morrow morn,
 You'd better light the copper fire and make the water warm."
 I nearly dropt down with afright, but I was forced to go
 And fetch the water which I poured in the copper on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph, as the first pail roused his ire,
 Don't never mind the water, dear, I won't make up much fire;
 My missus brought the lucifer, and I was forced to strike it,
 And light the fire, while poor Joe kick'd as if he didn't like it.

I nearly sunk while he got hot, when a thought came into my head,
 And to the garden missus flew to see which of her fowls was dead.
 She took the candle in her hand, and by its flickering glimmer,
 Up the area steps Joe bolted just as he began to simmer.

The raftsmen, with their singular rafts, are here seen descending the river. We also pass the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Are among the wonders of the St. Lawrence, situated near Kingston. There are, in fact, no less than 1,800 of these beautiful little islands; they are of all sizes, from the islet of a few yards square to miles in length. I know nothing more delightful than a sail through this fairy-like region. It is a famous spot for sporting; myriads of wild fowl of all descrip-

tions may here be found, and fishing is rather fatiguing than otherwise, from the great quantity and size of the fish.

SONG—ROW, BROTHERS, ROW.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,

We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Then row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

THE DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS

Is the most exciting part of the whole descent of the river. I should imagine these Rapids of the Long Sault to descend at the rate of twelve miles an hour: the steamer labours as if she were in a heavy sea; the steam is shut off, she is allowed to go ahead, and the sensation of feeling ourselves going down hill in a steamer is very curious, and a nervous affair, to say nothing of the roaring of the rapids. Here may be heard the Canadian boatmen, or the raftsmen, singing their national boat-songs on their descent, and nothing sounds more wild or romantic. Raftsmen sometimes lose their lives on going down the rapids, as it requires great skill; they are, generally speaking, a very reckless set of men.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.—(*Original Patois.*)

As sung by the French Canadian Boatmen.

Deriez chez nous il y a un etang,
En roulant ma boulé,
Deux beaux canards s'en von baignant,
Ma roulez roulant ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé.
Deux beaux canards s'en von baignant,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec sno grand fusil d'argent.
Visa le noir tua le blanc,
Ah! fils du roi tu es mechant.
Tu as tué mon canard blanc.
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent.
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
Pour y coucher tous les passants.

A CANADIAN FARM-YARD.

I was quite delighted with many of these Canadian farms; such plenty—such an abundance of everything, and such fine cattle I had seldom seen, and I may add, experienced such unbounded hospitality. Here may be seen hop-gardens and wheat-fields of immense magnitude, and of the very finest quality.

The inhabitants of one of these farms assured me that they would not live again in the old country on any account, as here they felt themselves far more happy and independent, and above all, without a Union staring them in the face. What they regretted most of all, was, a want of a cheaper

communication between them and the Mother country ; and they assured me, one and all, that they could not have a greater blessing than an ocean penny postage. But still they always speak of the old country as their home.

SONG—KATTY DARLING.

I am waiting at your window, Katty, darling,
 And its sweet your morning dhrames may be,
 I would'nt wake you for the world, my darling,
 For who knows, perhaps your dreaming, love of me !
 Last night, just as we parted,
 I'd something on my mind to say,
 But I could'nt spake, I felt so tender-hearted,
 For I'm going, Katty, going far away.
 Sweet Katty, Katty, Katty, darling.
 'Tis no use to stay repining here, my darling,
 So I'm going, Katty, going far away.

Och ! you're waking, och ! come down, my Katty, darling,
 If ye heard, yet think me not unkind,
 It is all becace I love you that I'm going ;
 But it is not long I'll lave you, love, behind.
 You know how night and morning
 You have seen the big dhrops on my burning brow,
 What the bether am I for it, Katty, darling ?
 I have wasted not, and yet have nothing now.
 Sweet Katty, Katty, Katty, darling !
 But it won't be so for ever, Katty, darling,
 We'll be happy in the land we're going to !

Immense corn fields—beautiful scenery on the banks of the St. Lawrence—the method of farming—snake fences—great mountain range and splendid ravines—magnificent prairie scene.

ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.

Montreal is indeed a magnificent city, of some 80,000 inhabitants ; the view in the panorama is taken from the mountain behind the city ; and a finer view I never saw in my life. In the far distance, are the green mountains of Vermont, and a magnificent prairie stretching for miles and miles in the distance, studded with cultivated farms, and the splendid river St. Lawrence, which is here two miles wide, intervening. The majority of the inhabitants are of the Church of Rome. They have also a fine cathedral, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons ; it is the largest cathedral in America. My stay in Montreal was only five days, in consequence of the gloom and excitement that prevailed over the place, as it was just after that terrible fire, when no less than 5,000 persons were made houseless in one night.

The tremendous tubular railway bridge, two miles long, is to be constructed here. It is to be called the Victoria Bridge, and, in the whole history of the world, there will not be found



MONTREAL.

a more formidable or a more gigantic undertaking than this will be when finished, not only among the wonders of America, but of the world.

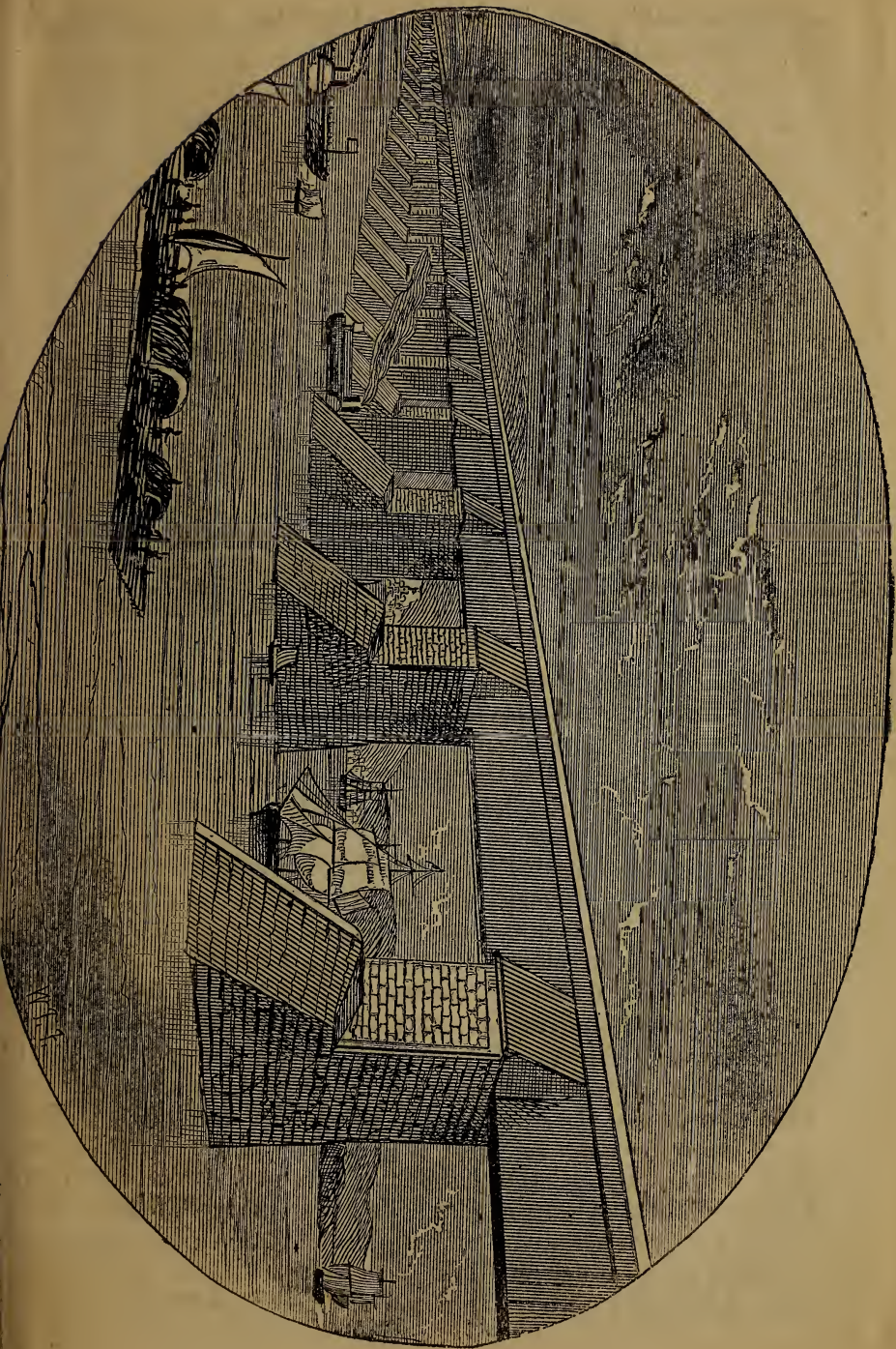
NEAR VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.

This structure will contain 25 arches of the uniform span of 242 feet, with the exception of the centre arch; there is a rise of 40 feet altogether. The tube will be constructed of iron, the rest of the structure solid masonry; the centre arch will be 60 feet from the level of the water to the bottom of the tube. The tube is 25 feet high and 18 feet wide; the piers jutting into the river on either side will each be about half a mile long of solid masonry. Surely none but a Stephenson, backed by those eminent British capitalists, Messrs. Peto, Betts, Brassey, and Jackson, could have undertaken a structure so formidable; the difficulties to be surmounted are indeed incalculable. I feel myself much indebted to the gentlemen connected with the present gigantic undertakings in Canada, for their kindness in placing at my disposal the plans of the bridge, that I might be able to bring before the public a faithful painting, as it will appear when finished, a representation of which is given on the 23rd page.

These tremendous undertakings, at present going forward, will open such a future for Canada, that I do not hesitate for one moment in saying, that it is, of all other countries, the most desirable for the emigrant of all classes; the mechanic will here find the most liberal employment, at wages twice and three times what he would get here, when everything else at the same time, is twice as cheap. As for the farmer, it is the very country for him, as he will here require but a limited capital to commence with; and for the small and large capitalists, all Her Majesty's possessions in North America are a perfect paradise.

Leaving this interesting spot, we descend the river to Quebec, and during the trip it is quite alive with shipping of the largest tonnage, steamers of palace-like appearance passing to and fro at lightning speed, with music on board; and moving on so silently, you hear no "ease'er," "stop'er," "move'er a head," on this magnificent stream; all you hear is the tinkling of a bell, which is perfectly understood between the captain and the engineer below; and the wheel by which the steamer is steered is always situated forward instead of aft.

The rafts are quite a feature on this river; myriads of small rafts collect together, and form themselves into one of



sometimes half a mile in length. Departure for Quebec, on board the steamer Lady Elgin.



QUEBEC.

This city is most picturesquely situated, the scenery all round and at every turn is perfectly beautiful; the mountains are here grand, and have a fine appearance in the distance. There is a very fine view from the citadel, which is the strongest post in all America,—indeed, Quebec, next to Gibraltar, is the strongest fortified place in the world; from the citadel too may be seen the celebrated Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm fell gloriously on the field of battle; there is a monument to the memory of both these heroes. Quebec is a flourishing city, of about 60,000 inhabitants, and of all places I ever visited, I found this the most agreeable. I met with so much kindness, hospitality, and attention, that I shall ever remember that dear old place with feelings of pleasure. I never left any place with so much regret as Quebec. At the time of my visit, the Government was held there, and therefore the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, had his residence near, from whom I had the honour to receive much attention. Great numbers of parties of all descriptions are always given here; I attended many, and found them particularly pleasant. There is not so much distinction in society in the colonies as there is in this country. The son of an Admiral may be seen

behind the counter, and I know of a Baronet who thinks it no degradation to go to his office every day, and a Captain who thinks it capital fun chopping down the trees on his farm—and as the lower orders are far better informed, and considerably better educated than in this country, there is naturally not so much distinction; for, after all, it is to education we have to look for the amelioration of the lower orders.

The Valley and Bay of St. Charles—The Village of Beauport—The Falls of Montmorenci. These celebrated Falls are upwards of 258 feet high, and 50 feet wide—Fleets of Vessels passing up and down the St. Lawrence—The Island of Orleans—Grand View of the distant Scenery.

SONG—BY THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

By the great St. Lawrence river, on the shore, on the shore,
Where the dark and foaming waters loudly roar, loudly roar,
I look for my absent husband, o'er the flood, o'er the flood;
He is gone to yon far vessel, with his wood, with his wood.

Hark! hark! hark! Uli, a li, a li, O'.

From my hut I often wander, by the moon, by the moon,
And I hear nought but the cry of the racoon, the racoon;
Tho' the daylight breaks my watching, I still keep, I still keep,
Till I see a light skiff bounding, o'er the deep, o'er the deep.

Hark! hark! &c.

Oh, bear him, thou mighty river, back again, back again,
Oh, let me not o'er thy billow look in vain, look in vain,
Oh, bring back to me my husband, but once more, but once more,
And I'll praise the waves that bear him to the shore, to the shore.

Hark! hark! &c.

ARRIVAL AT POINT LEVI.

Indians encamped—Their Wigwams—Their curious Manners and Customs. The wigwams have a very rude appearance, being chiefly built of birch bark, and the skins of animals stretched upon poles. In this scene Mr. Friend will introduce an Indian Papoose and Case, giving the audience a faithful representation of the manner in which the Indians manage their papooses, or babies, (creating roars of laughter.) The ladies are particularly invited to witness this interesting and amusing scene.

GROSSE ISLE.

The Quarantine Station. There is a melancholy interest attached to this Island, from there having been no less than 6,000 emigrants from Ireland buried in one spot during the terrible year of famine in that country: the poor emigrants arrived here so fast, in such prodigious numbers, and in such a

filthy condition, that it was not at all surprising so great a number should have fallen victims to the terrible plague of typhus fever; everything was done to assist them in their condition, and no less than fourteen medical men fell victims to their exertions in attending upon them.

The scenery here is very beautiful, but the river becomes wider and wider, and soon we lose sight of land altogether. As there are no spots of any interest further down, we will retrace our steps and take a glimpse at a Canadian winter.

THE CONES AT MONTMORENCI.

This is a very celebrated spot for winter amusements. During the winter the frozen spray from the falls accumulates to such an extent as to form itself into a cone of some 80 feet high, in the form of a sugar-loaf. There is also a second or smaller one, and this the visitors make the most use of, as it is not so dangerous. Here there is great fun going on: ladies and gentlemen both entering with spirit into the amusement; they carry their toboggans, which are long thin pieces of wood, and when they arrive at the summit, they seat themselves in them and slide down with immense velocity. It requires much skill to avoid accidents; but sometimes they do tumble head over heels all the way down. They generally drive to this spot in sleighs, and take their wine and provisions with them. One does not feel in the least cold, as the exercise so thoroughly warms and invigorates the system; and then they wear such warm clothing—buffalo and blanket coats, with hoods, being the usual dress, and buffalo robes to sit on, which they wrap round their feet in the sleighs.

Fishing is also a winter amusement. They make holes in the ice, and with a small bait attached to a line will kneel down and watch for a nibble. Immediately on the fish being caught it begins to freeze, and becomes as brittle as glass; but it is said, that if you place the fish in cold water, even after it has been frozen hard a day or two, it will come to life again.

MOOSE HUNT.

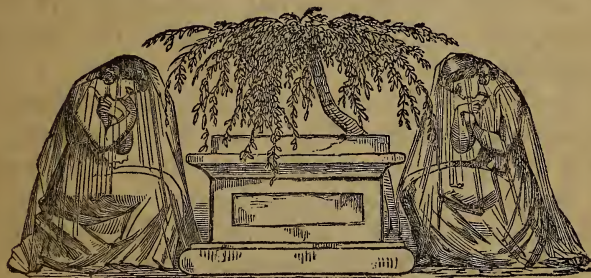
The moose deer is a noble animal, as large as a horse, but timid as an ordinary deer. In my opinion it is a very cruel sport hunting this fine animal. The mode usually adopted is, on discovering his track, to follow it up till within sight of the moose, and endeavour to drive him into a drift of snow, where

he falls an easy victim. Hunters will remain in the woods for days watching for a moose, and bivouac on the snow. It may be my want of taste, but I never could fancy moose hunting.

The Hunters disturbed by the approach of the Railway Cars
—Return to New York, and visit to

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

This spot is most picturesque and beautifully laid out. It is situated most conveniently from New York, and is used as a general place for burial, no interments being allowed in the city. It contains many beautiful monuments: one is to the memory of a young lady, who met with her death by being thrown from a carriage on the day of her coming of age, when she was to be married. The monument is of white marble, and cost 20,000 dollars. Those represented in the panorama are to the memory of those brave fellows, the firemen, who fell victims to their exertions during the tremendous fire which took place in New York, some years ago, when millions of property were lost.



TOLL THE BELL.

My Lilly dear is sleeping
'Neath the old chesnut tree,
The spot where oft she wander'd,
When innocent and free;
The wild rose and the myrtle,
Still cluster round the spot,
But my heart is filled with sorrow,
And lonely is my lot.

My Lilly dear I'm watching,
Oh wilt thou never come
To greet me with a blessing,
From thy far angel home;
My sad heart now is aching,
With heavy care oppressed,
Oh may I quickly meet thee
In that pure land of rest.

Chorus.—Toll, toll the bell, for gentle Lilly Dale,
And let its tones echo through the vale;
My Lilly dear I've lost, so loving, kind and true,
Sing to-day, one sad lay, lost Lilly Dale.

Return to New York, on the 4th of July—the Anniversary of their glorious Independence—the greatest day in the year for America. This is the day that Jonathan fights all his battles over again and again, and vows that his nation is the

greatest nation in creation ; that the British have licked all the world, and they have licked the British—Hurrah ! I pity any poor Britisher who is obliged to remain in New York on a 4th of July. Everybody turns out—Tom, Dick, and Harry ; soldiers and all. Each company having its own band, wearing its own uniform, and free and independent in every respect. Fancy 300 military bands coming down Broadway, all playing different airs, from “ Yankee Doodle,” down to “ Oh, Susannah, don’t you cry for me.”

The dioramic view represents a procession of firemen, with their engine decorated with flowers. The fire brigades of the cities in America are upon a different footing to what they are in the mother country. There all classes enter, and the rich merchant may be found at the same rope of the engine with his shopman ; they enter the service to avoid being drawn for soldiers, or serving on juries ; and have other privileges. They are not paid by the authorities, but are kept up by their own exertions and presents which they receive on the occasion of a fire. In the procession, General Washington’s carriage is always drawn by six grey horses ; the day is altogether of the most exciting description, and is considered capital fun, especially to the rising generation.

View of the Broadway, New York, taken from Astor House—Splendid view of Barnum’s Museum. The City Hall. Also, Genin’s Hat Shop : this remarkable man made a fortune by purchasing the first ticket for Jenny Lind’s Concert, when she arrived in the United States ; he gave 245 dollars for it.

With this exciting scene the panorama closes.



THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

. The following Narrative of a very eccentric individual who once visited Niagara, may not be out of place here; he was generally known as "THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS."

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract, and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel, in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musings, and of Nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his reclusive habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands.

When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by the evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn thrilling tones of the viol, or the softer melodies of the flute, gushing forth from the low-browed hut; or the guitar, breathing out so lightly, amid the rush and thunder of the never-slumbering torrent.

Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation, for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe, and the East, he sought not association with mankind, to unfold, or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers. But he seldom and sparingly admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands crumbs and seeds.

But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day and night, he might be seen a fervent worshipper. At early dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; at night beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms, nor the piercing cold of winter, prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

When the frozen mists, gathering upon the lofty trees, seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster, when every branch, and shrub, and spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sunbeam its coronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-tinted cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the unfathomable abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and repassed, amid the darkness of night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending himself over the awful gulf; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel, amid the terribly sublime.

Among his favourite daily gratifications, was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare, supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health.

He scoped out, and arranged for himself, a secluded and romantic bath between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards, he formed the habit of bathing below the principal Fall. One bright, but rather chilly day, in the month of June, 1831,

a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and a long time after observed his clothes to be still lying on the bank.

Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below, being exceedingly great.

In the course of their search, they passed onward to the whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again, emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless, as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the king of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

They laid him on his bed, the thick dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to, and veiling the features so lately expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten; to her also the watch for her master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth; here were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that

bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit—mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him—and ready to be laid, by strange hands, in a foreign grave. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight.

We would think with tenderness of thee, erring and lonely brother, for at that last day, when the secrets of all are unveiled, it will be found that there are sadder mistakes to deplore than thine; time wasted idly, but not innocently, and talents perverted, without the palliation of a virtuous life, the love of nature, or the fear of God.



"As a work of art, the painting ranks high, and is not surpassed by any of the numerous panoramic representations which, from time to time, visit our city. Of the truthfulness of the views we are able to speak from experience, having, in days of yore, gazed upon the scenes there depicted."—*Yorkshireman*.

"This beautiful panorama of American scenery was exhibited before a very large audience at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, last night. Everybody who has not had the good fortune to travel in the land which professes to "lick all creation" in everything that is wonderful, should pay a visit to this instructive and interesting panorama."—*Western Express*.

"If Mr. Friend were a stranger in Newcastle, it would certainly be our duty to notice his interesting entertainment in the Music Hall with some minuteness; but his former visit, and the nightly crowds who go to see and hear him, have so well popularised his merits that we can perhaps, without absolute injustice, bear in mind the many demands on our space, and speak of the panorama of Canada and the States in very general terms."—*Northern Daily Express*.

"This is one of the most pleasing and instructive panoramas that has ever been exhibited in our city. Mr. Friend entertains his audiences with pleasant and conversational gossip about the places depicted in the panorama, and the manners of the people; he also sings with much ability some national melodies, accompanying himself on the pianoforte, harp, violin, and banjo; in short, he exerts himself with a hearty good-will, in a variety of ways to amuse and instruct."—*Bath Herald*.

"Mr. Washington Friend's panorama of the United States and Canada is really one of the best exhibitions of its kind that we have ever witnessed."—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

"The panorama of Canada and the United States, now exhibiting by Mr. Friend, at the Assembly Rooms, has not disappointed the expectations formed of its reappearance; on the contrary, the beautifully painted scenery of which it consists, and the amusing and animated descriptions given of each scene as it passes before the eye, have all the freshness of novelty, and not a little of the witchery and romance; while to render the pictorial exhibition still more entertaining, Mr. Friend enlivens the whole by the introduction of a number of appropriate and characteristic songs, charmingly sung, and accompanied by himself on one or other of seven different instruments."—*Cheltenham Looker-on*.

"We, here at home in Europe, can have no conception of the labours of the artistic pioneers who, from time to time, have sketched the scenery of the great American Continent. The work has, in its day, been laborious, and, we should think, none should be more deserving of success than that which Mr. Friend has introduced to a British public."—*Belfast Northern Whig*.

"On Wednesday and Thursday, Mr. Washington Friend gave his vocal, musical, and pictorial entertainment in the Corn Exchange Rooms, and on each occasion was warmly applauded by his audiences. It is not often that a 'Jack-of-all-trades' is good at any, but in Mr. Friend's case there is an exception to the general rule. He sings well, plays well, and the beautiful effect of his panorama is excellent, and being also painted by himself from his own sketches, evidences both his taste and execution as an artist—and he is a most enthusiastic one. The Falls of Niagara, the various cities in America, the great Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence, Camp Meeting, Preaching in the Wilderness, Greenwood Cemetery (by sunset), and the Log-huts of the settlers, are equally well, and, we believe truthfully managed. We would say to those who have neither time nor money for a trip across the Atlantic—the next best thing is to see the panorama when another opportunity offers."—*Preston Pilot*.

"This very interesting and instructive exhibition has entered upon its last week in this city—Saturday being positively the closing day. Looking either to the useful information presented in a most attractive and tangible form; the amusement provided in the numerous anecdotes and illustrative songs with which the exhibition is enlivened; or the versatile ability displayed by Mr. Friend, by whom all the scenes have been painted from original sketches, who has himself composed the songs and music which he sings and accompanies upon half-a-dozen different instruments, and who also acts as a most capital showman—we can have no hesitation in recommending the entertainment as well worthy of a visit from all who have not yet seen it."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

"We had yesterday the pleasure and delight of witnessing Mr. Friend's truly admirable panorama of Canada, now being exhibited in the Victoria Hall, and can speak highly as to its unquestionable merits."—*Belfast News-Letter*.

The Music Hall of Newcastle has been crowded all the week, day and night, the attraction being Mr. Friend's panorama. We say the panorama, but in saying so we are unjust to Mr. Friend himself, who is more than half the entertainment."—*Gateshead Observer*.

"The plaudits of the audience are the best indications of how much the panorama pleases, and they are by no means "few and far between." Quebec, Montreal, Brock's Monument, and the Falls of Niagara are all most excellently painted, and the beholder obtains a graphic idea of their magnitude. We must not omit a word of praise for Mr. W. H. Edwards, Mr. Friend's courteous and enterprising manager, whose admirable business arrangements and promptitude are a kind of novelty."—*Leicester Advertiser*.

"Friend's Panorama is one of the most stupendous, grand, and wonderful creations of man. It is impossible to convey by words even a faint conception of this great work of genius and art; one must see it, and he has all that is grand, noble, beautiful, and sublime, impressed in vivid colors on the tablet of his mind, but what language can never describe to others."—*Saunders's News Letter, Dublin*.

"It is one of the most interesting exhibitions in the world, and the artist, Mr. Friend, is the most extraordinary person we ever witnessed—he paints, lectures, sings, and plays upon seven or eight different instruments, and never seems fatigued; it is from beginning to end the most charming and instructive entertainment extant."—*Western Times*.

"We are happy to be able to say that the good opinion we formed and expressed last week, from a mere glimpse of Mr. Friend's panorama, has been fully confirmed by repeated visits. We can now very heartily recommend it to our readers as a most interesting and instructive exhibition. As a true work of art, in which the artist has studied to give life-like representations of the various scenes depicted, rather than aimed by "glorious effects," "splendid coloring," &c., and that sort of thing, the panorama of Canada is superior to any entertainment of its class which has visited Aberdeen; while Mr. Friend can boast of what is gratifying to his hearers—the power of telling a story with humour and effect, singing a capital song, and playing on at least half-a-dozen musical instruments. The fact is, Mr. F. is altogether a wonderfully clever and most pleasant gentleman, and has the happy knack of ingratiating himself with his audiences."—*Aberdeen Herald*.

"We have seen numerous panoramas of American scenery, but never one in which the points of attraction were more admirably chosen and arranged. We would advise every one to pay a visit."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"It is a stupendous work, and embraces in a tour of five thousand miles most of the wonders of city and rail, cataract and waterfall, river and mountain, pine forest and settlement, Indian life and civilization, the gaudy attire of summer, and the beauties of the winter of North America."—*Newcastle Guardian*.

"Having visited New York, Montreal, and numerous other places portrayed, and enjoyed the pleasure of sailing upon the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and Lake Ontario, we can bear testimony to the great faithfulness which many of the views exhibit. The entertainment will repay two or three visits, there is much to amuse and delight the audience."—*North of England Advertiser*.

"The cheapest travelling of the day is that offered by Mr. Friend, and the most easy, too. Talk of locomotion made easy, indeed. Of a truth, this is easy travelling. Starting from New York, of which we obtain a capital view—in the afternoon, it is to be remarked, this is the end, not the starting point of the tour—we sail up the American Rhine, to the Catskill Mountains, and soon arrive at the Trenton Falls, one of those glowing scenes which live in the imagination, and which Nature furnishes but very sparingly."—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

"We have visited this panorama several times, both here and in London, and have always found something fresh in nature, or fascinating in art, to leave a pleasurable impression on the mind, and afford food for reflection long after the visitation has passed."—*Nottingham Telegraph*.

"The scenery is in many parts magnificent; and Mr. Friend gives an interesting description. He also sings a variety of songs, and plays upon several instruments, thus enhancing the entertainment in a good measure."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"The entertainment is altogether a very excellent one, and one we can safely recommend as affording not only amusement, but a good deal of knowledge of the country and habits of our American and Canadian cousins."—*Glasgow Courier*.